

Ivory-Tower by PandorasAlesium

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Summary: It has taken me millennia, crossing dimensions and traveling to thousands of worlds to find him. It has been years since I heard his last whimper. I was walking along a road when I felt his presence, weak it was but it still lingered in the air. I keep walking and I pass a sign saying 'Welcome to Derry Maine'. "Hold on little-one, I am coming."

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

When I first felt his pain I was wading through the desolation of my own dimension. It was so heart wrenching I stopped my exploration and turned into the direction of his calling. Hearing no second cry I resumed my search. Days later I hear it again a deeper pain, hunger, one so strong I grabbed my stomach in sheer agony. He is calling to me and I will answer.

It has taken me millennia, crossing through dimensions and traveling to thousands of worlds to find him. It has been years since I heard his last whimper. I continue to travel to where I last felt his presence which led me to the outskirts of a small town. Before I crossed the city line I felt his presence, weak it was but it was slowing getting stronger. I keep walking and I pass a sign saying 'Welcome to Derry Maine'.

"Hold on little-one, I am coming."

I didn't want to panic the town with my unusual appearance so I concealed my form from all of Derry. I was traveling through the wet streets when I saw a child in a yellow rain jacket running after a paper boat. I stop to watch him. Suddenly, I hear the cries of pain, anger and unquenchable hunger. I feel he is close. I turn away from the child and walk in the direction of his calls.

In my single-mindedness I forgot about the child running after his boat until he passed thru my body. I stopped and so did he. He turned and looked back at me. Not seeing anything he turned and kept running. I watched as his boat went down a storm drain and I hear him cry out.

"Nooo!" the boy says.

As he leans down I feel the cries get louder and more howling. I hide behind a tree close to the boy and the storm drain. That is when I caught my first glimpse of the creature that has been calling out to me in his misery. Flesh so white he glowed in the darkness of the

storm drain. He had red markings on his face that traveled down from his brows to his cheeks and connected to his lush red lips that were grinning. Eyes so golden it took my breath away. His hair was styled in a unique fashion and dulled from his endured misery.

The boy finally seen caught his eyes and jumped back in fright.

"Hiya Georgie." The creature spoke all childlike.

The boy 'Georgie' gulped and leaned back away from the storm drain.

"What a nice boat," the creature said holding up the lost paper boat.
"Do you want it back?" he asked.

"Yes please." Georgie leaned closer.

"Do you want a balloon?" the creature asked.

"Um, I'm not supposed to take things from strangers." Georgie replied.

"OH, well I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Pennywise, yes, meet Georgie. Georgie meet Pennywise. Now we aren't strangers are we?" spoke Pennywise and jerked his body and bells from his clothing jingled.

I watched as this creature 'Pennywise' kept talking to Georgie seeming to luring him further in with talk of some kind of circus and something called popcorn. I focus more on Pennywise. I can feel his thirst and hunger continue to grow as he talks with this child. The amount of drool coming from his mouth tells me the show is almost over. I feel fear coming from the child now, it is practically overpowering.

"Take it-t." I hear Pennywise telling Georgie.

I see Georgie struggling to reach for the paper boat in Pennywise's hand. When his fingers are within a few inches Pennywise grabs him by the arm and pulls him into the drain. I see Pennywise open his mouth and bite off the arm of Georgie and swallow it whole. Georgie backs off screaming and crying and pulling himself away from the storm drain. Pennywise reaches his arm from the drain and drags the boy completely into the drain and all I can hear are crunches and

slurps, and then finally silence.

Still standing in the shadows Pennywise looks out from the storm drain peering to one end of the street and down to the other end searching. I see his eyes travel back and forth and then up into the trees. Finally his eyes snap to where I am hiding. I see his eyes turn blue and his brow wrinkles in concentration. Moments go by as he keeps staring at my hidden form when he tilts his head and smiles. Not a sinister smile either, a genuine smile.

"No need to hide from Pennywise. Come out, come out, let's Pennywise see you." He chuckles.

I feel my body start to weaken. My travel has come to an end, I must rest soon or I will begin to fade. I step away from behind the tree and start to walk away from the storm drain and Pennywise. I hear him call out to me telling me to come back. I turn around and look at the storm drain. I see his hand pop out beckoning me over. I stand there contemplating my next move. I see him moving in the shadows peering out staring in at my cloaked form.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2 (Pennywise POV)

Slowly I feel the last bits of fatigue leave my body as my long rest comes to its end. The hunger is gnawing at my stomach making me angry. No matter how much I feast on the flesh of the pathetic humans the hunger is never ending. No matter how much I consume the hunger never leaves just grows even more unbearable. Time for hunting it seems.

I open my eyes and peer into darkness. Sluggishly I sink my clawed hands into the stone that surrounds my nest and drag myself up the tunnel. When I reach the top I peer over the edge and see my circus trailer and the large piles of souvenirs that I collected over the years. I shake off the 27 years of dust that has clung to my form and begin walking towards the network of sewers. I need sustenance and soon.

As I walk along the tunnels searching, I feel the presence of a creature that was definitely not human and it did not belong to the residence of Derry. I will not tolerate another taking my meals from me. I turn in the direction that will lead me close to this foreign creature. I will dispose of them quickly and then I will feast on the flesh of this wretched town.

Passing a storm drain my nose catches the scent of child and he smells delicious. My hunger grows ten-fold. The creature will have to wait, I need food and now. My mouth begins to fill with saliva as I eagerly wait for my pray. I feel him approach as his paper boat falls into the storm drain at my feet. I quickly pick up the boat and hide in the shadows.

Within seconds a small boy of six years old peers into the storm drain looking for his boat.

"Bills going to kill me!" He cried. He jumps back in fright when he catches my eyes.

"Hiya Georgie." I say stepping closer, out of the shadows. I could hear Georgie gulp as he leaned back away from the storm drain. Placing

some distance between us, like that will help him.

"What a nice boat," I said holding up the lost paper boat. "Do you want it back?" I asked.

"Yes please." Georgie leaned closer.

"You look like a nice boy. I bet you have a lot of friends?" I ask.

"Three, but my brother is the bestest." He declared.

"Where's he?" I draw.

"In bed...sick." He whined.

"I bet I could cheer him up! I'll give him a balloon. Do you want a balloon too Georgie?"

"Um, I'm not supposed to take things from strangers." Georgie replied.

"OH, well I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Pennywise, yes, meet Georgie. Georgie meet Pennywise. Now we aren't strangers are we?" I spoke and jerked my body so that the bells on my clothing would jingle. Georgie giggles. That was when I noticed that our conversation had attracted the presence of the creature. I can feel that it was close, very close. Let's see what they do when I devour this child. I will claim what is mine.

"Why are you in the sewer?" He asked me.

"Storm blew me away. Blew the whole circus away. Can you smell the circus, Georgie? There are peanuts, cotton candy...hotdogs...annnnnd?" I bait. I trick his senses with the smell of popcorn which I know it is his favorite.

He sniffs the air and says "Popcorn?"

"Popcorn! Is that your favorite?" I asked.

"Uh huh," he replied.

"Mine too, because the pop. Pop, pop, pop. Pop!" I cackle. I can sense

him becoming uncomfortable and more frightened. This will have to end soon. The hunger is eating away at my control.

"I should get going," Georgie backs away a little looking down the street.

"Without your boat?" I say holding up his precious paper boat. "Bill's going to kill you. Here. Take it." I raise the boat up closer to him. His fright reaches higher making my mouth water.

"Take it-t." I demand.

Slowly he reaches out to grab the boat from my hands. I pull it back a little teasing him. He scoots closer to the storm drain and reaches for the boat again. This time I let him grasp it. I grab his wrist and pull him in. Extending my teeth I quickly embed my teeth into his upper arm, tearing through his flesh and severing his limb. I swallow the limb quickly as he backs away screaming and crying.

I reach out of the drain and drag him into opening. I tear into his flesh savoring the taste of his fear and the warmth of his blood. While I gorge myself on the child, I feel the eyes of the unknown creature at my back. After I sate my appetite for the moment I stand back up and inspect the surrounding area for the creature. Not seeing anything I try to pinpoint where I can feel their presence.

As my eyes pass a tree on the other side of the street I can feel a source of energy dropping at an alarming rate. Whatever this creature was they seem to be fading quickly. I wonder if I can lure them back to my den and then I will eat them too. I smile. Two birds with one stone they say.

"No need to hide from Pennywise. Come out, come out, let's Pennywise see you." I giggle.

I feel them start to move, but not in the direction I am wanting, away from me. I can't allow them to leave. No one ignores Pennywise, nope no one I think angrily.

"Come back. Pennywise won't harm you. Come back." I say sticking my hand out of the drain beckoning them back to me. The creature

stops for a moment as if they are contemplating my words. I can feel it coming closer to the drain so I step back letting them have a sense of comfort. Three feet in front of the drain I feel it stop and I feel their gaze more strongly now. Interesting.

I cannot see them yet I can feel their presence. What is this creature? I take a sniff of the air. The smell coming from the creature is mouth-watering and intoxicating. Taking a step closer I close my eyes and take a large inhale of the scent again. I have no desire to feast on it, but something much stronger. The need to protect and something else I can't seem to name. I feel a rumble deep in my chest. Am I purring?

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

As I couch in front of the storm drain, I peer into the hole to see what this creature looks like. What I see looking back at me was...a clown? He was wearing an aged silver clothing that appeared as if from a different era. Dingy white ruffles covered with blood and gore around his neck. His mouth and chin was dripping with blood. His skin was stark white and he had blood red lips with red markings extending from the corners of his mouth and traveled up and stopped above his brow line. It was his eyes that took my breath away, bright blue irises that sparkled. He had a high forehead and dulled red hair, almost orange tint.

I watch him as he takes a whiff of the air. His eyes widen and then close as he takes a step forward bringing him to the opening of the drain. His nose sticks out as he takes a large inhale. That's when I figure out he can smell me. I hear a faint rumble come from him. Is he purring?

"Why do you hide yourself from me?" he asked slowly opening his bright blue eyes.

My energy is waning. Not able to communicate to him without being in my physical form, I use what left over strength I have to draw upon the elements. I pull the flow of water back out from the drain and begin to form letters in front of him.

'Too weak' I spell.

"Too...weak? Do you need food? Is that why you are encroaching on my territory? You want to eat my food?" He asked demandinglly.

'No' I spell out.

"Then, what?" He asked furiously.

'Do not eat flesh, long journey, must rest' I spell out.

He stares at my words for a few moments and then raises his gaze

back to me. He tilts his head slightly to the side contemplating my words. A minute passes by before he nods his head and steps back a few steps and gestures me into the storm drain. Slowly I slide down into the hole and stand next to him. His figure towers over my own, my head coming to a stop at his chest.

"Follow, I will take you to my den where you can rest. We will talk more after you are rested." He said turning and walking down the sewer tunnel.

The trek to his den was tedious and foul. The tunnels had years of filth covering its walls and the ground was covered with at least 5 inches of mucky water. The stench that came from the tunnels was inconceivable. How this creature could demean itself to stay in such an abomination, I ask myself. Finally we reach then end of the tunnel and he turns to me and then gestures for me into his den.

I step around him and enter into a large cylindrical enclosure. In the center was a wooden container with the words 'Pennywise the Dancing Clown' written above and below the image of Pennywise himself. Surrounding the dwelling was piles of objects in every shape and size. The largest pile was situated directly on top of the dwelling and extended high into the air almost reaching to the top. Around the tower of discarded items were the floating bodies of dead children. I turn my head to look at him and find that he was staring directly at me.

"Go, sleep." He said and then walks off to one of the smaller piles.

I watch him stop and place a small yellow cloth on top and then disappear down a neighboring sewer tunnel. I walk over to the yellow cloth and stitched into the collar was the name 'George Denbrough.' Now all these objects make sense, souvenirs of his prey. Shaking my head I walk over to the large tower to seeking a temporary nest. Halfway around I find a large indentation suitable for my size. Climbing up I situate myself and close my eyes letting my mind escape back to my body.

4. Chapter 4

"Go, sleep." I said before turning and walking off into a nearby tunnel. Eating little Georgie only sated my hunger for a meagre moment, I need a snack. Walking through the tunnels I look back on my reaction to the mere scent of the creature. It was the most alluring smell, smelled more divine than the fear from children. It didn't make my hunger spike or my mouth water.

It did something much worse.

It made me yearn for nearness. To rub my face and body along its own just so I could get the scent to linger more than a few minutes. It made me want to sink my teeth in its flesh for a purpose greater than eating. It made me want to take the creature in my arms and wrap my body around theirs, shielding them against this wretched world. It made me want to do the unthinkable and mate with this creature. I shake my head to clear it of such thoughts and begin to search for a new meal.

When I returned with a late night snack I couldn't sense the creatures' presence any longer. I walked around my den when that delicious scent hits me in the face. I follow the scent along the center pile leading to a nook above the left side of my dwelling. Seeing nothing I let my hand hover over the floor, my hand bumps into the invisible form. I move my hand along the outside curve of the body traveling upward.

The creature's skin is beyond soft. I can feel a light vibrating under its surface along with a prickle of power. It makes me wonder what this creature can do after it regains its strength, something to discover at a later date I suppose. My fingers skim down one side of the creatures arm to long but thin fingers. I wrap my hand around its palm and bring the hand to my face. I run my nose along its wrist and breathe in the sweet smelling scent.

So enraptured by the creatures scent I unconsciously run my tongue along its wrist. The taste of its flesh makes my own tingle with excitement. My nose skims upward and stops at the junction of the creature's neck and shoulder. I get a more concentrated whiff of the

creatures scent and drool begins to pool into my mouth. The urge to bite is stronger than ever.

Needing to be closer I position my body above the creature with my legs on each side enclosing the creature with my form. Moving my head from the hollow of its throat, my cheek grazes the side of its face and I bury my face in its silk hair. The moan that escapes me is startling as well as invigorating. A low rumble is coming from my chest now. My body starts trembling as I run the tips of my fingers down the creature's chest. Female, the creature is a female!

My mind and desire has become too greedy as I run my hands along the creatures body memorizing its form. She is a foot shorter than me and slender. Her hips have a slight flare, good for breeding. I move my head to the apex of her thighs and inhale. The growl I release echoes off the cistern walls. The smell coming from there is beyond any delicious meal that I have devoured.

I lift my head out from in between her legs and lean over her face. I lightly trace the edges of her jaw up her chin to her lips. Her lips are making me quiver with need. They are plump and my desire to taste them is too great. I lean in close and trace my tongue along the gap of her lips. More, I need more. My hands find a way into her long tresses and my mouth devours her own.

The rumble in my chest turns into a deep vibrating purr. I gather the creature up into my arms and crawl deeper into the nook. Sitting with my back against the wall of useless items I wrap my arms and legs against the creature and pull her deeper into my chest. I settle her head in the crook of my neck trying to make her sleep as comfortable as possible. I begin to rub my arms and legs against hers aiming to spread my scent over her form.

Never before had I felt such feelings of possessiveness and desire towards another creature. My craving for this creature has infinitely increased. My need this creature is becoming almost as unbearable as the never ending hunger. In the midst of all these thoughts and feelings, my mind has made a decision regarding this female. One way or another I will make this creature mine.

5. Chapter 5

Even in my proxy's slumbering form I can feel him running his hand up along my side and to my wrist. He took me by surprise when he didn't bite into my wrist once he brought it to his mouth. Instead he ran his tongue along it. I can hear a rumble start from his chest after he places his head in the nook of my neck and took a large whiff. He shifted a little on top of me and gently ran the side of his face along mine and buried his face in my hair.

I felt him lean back and then he ran his hands along my body. When they skimmed over my breast he paused for a moment. I felt extreme satisfaction and desire come from him. He must be running on instinct because his mind is only focused on desire and want now. He moved down my body hurriedly, his hands running along the sides of my hips to my thighs and down my legs. He gripped my legs and shifted them apart. He leaned his head over my abdomen and sniffed. Slowly he moved lower and lowers until his nose was buried deep into the apex of my thighs. Where he then took large inhales and slow exhales.

He growled.

When I felt a shudder pass through his body I thought I repulsed him. That's when I felt a strong feeling of need over take his emotions. He removes his head from between my legs and hovers over my face once more. I feel his fingers run up my neck to my cheeks and then into my hair lightly gripping. He runs his tongue along the seam of my lips.

With his hands clenching tighter in my hair he pulls my head closer to his and devours my mouth with his own. His tongue reaches deep into my proxy's mouth and no space is hidden from his questing tongue. With a groan he pulls his face from mine and gathers my form up into his arms, purring the entire time. Cradling me against his chest he moved us deeper into an alcove in the tower. He sat down with his back against his pile and situated me on his lap.

His hands tucked my head in the nook of his neck. He smelled fantastic. I wanted to bury my face deeper into his neck and never

leave. He began rubbing his arms and hands around my chest. I can feel his need building the longer I sat in his lap. After a while he quits rubbing me with his arms and legs and buries his face in my hair, purring and growling all the while.

I pull my mind back into my true form to allow him some privacy, at least letting him come to terms with the possible courses ahead. Looking back out at the black abyss of space, I can feel the strong presence of The Guardians lurking a bout. I will have to lay low until the time is right to reveal myself. Once that happens things will definitely change for all of us. Most of all, for It, for this creature that calls itself Pennywise.

Pennywise. That name brings yearning to my heart along with hope. It has been a long time since I have felt this way, so very long. With my proxy being so close to him, I can feel his emotions bleeding into me and becoming my own. I can feel his hunger for the fear and flesh for the people of Derry. I can feel his desire for to mate. I can also feel his need for freedom. A freedom that he cannot achieve as long as The Guardians are watching his every move.

Soon he will know the truth about everything.

I feel that I am approaching the last barrier in this dimension and into the last step of my journey. I increase my speed and focus all of my power into pushing against the dimensional webbing. I can feel the webbing stretch to a super thin layer the more I push against it. It is a hard and dangerous process to cross through dimensions; one cannot just punch through it. They must first merge with the dimensional webbing and the guide your being through its intricate outline. Gently moving the strands of space and time to where your form can slide through.

It is crossing the threshold that is the most dangerous and a slow process. More or less you are destroying your physical form one cell at a time and then reforming it once you coast through spaces thread. This part is always the hardest and leaves me catatonic for some time. The energy it takes to shift through the dimension is abundant. No lesser creature could withstand the pain alone.

Placing my hand against the webbing I grit my teeth as I begin the

process of breaking down my form into molecules. Slowly I see my form disintegrate into dust. Pushing against the webbing harder a small opening appears. I direct the small particles into the small opening. I fail to notice the scream come from my mouth as I hasten the merge. The dissolving of my form is taking more energy from me than the previous crossings.

Before my mind has lost conscience the cries of Pennywise echoing throughout my being.

6. Chapter 6

It's been a week since the creature came into my den and took her rest. A week since I came to terms with my odd behavior towards the female. I have not moved once from this alcove. The over-protectiveness I feel in regards to leaving my potential mate unprotected is overwhelming and distressing. The thought of leaving her behind triggers a growl to leave my chest and my arms to pull her closer to me.

She has not moved a muscle since her self-induced sleep. Since she has been asleep I kept my eyes on our surroundings in case of a prowler. I could not say the same for the rest of my body though. My hands memorized every curve her body has to offer. They discovered the different textures that run along her skin. My fingers threaded throughout her silky mane of hair. I felt a few braids within its mass.

While keeping a look out I lower my head close to her neck and breathe in her delicious scent. Briefly my eyes close savoring her unique aroma. Her scent has changed within the last few days. When she first appeared, her scent was mouth-watering and I was immediately enthralled by it. Now that I have been enclosed with her scent for a week, drool is constantly pouring from my mouth. The urge to bite has become unbearable.

I will have to start hunting soon. If I keep delaying I will not have enough food for hibernation and then my sleep will be short leaving me irritated. Hunting will also keep my mind off of biting into her supple flesh. The urge to claim her grows every day. With a growl I look at the surrounding memorabilia, seeing nothing but broken toys and random junk. I slowly stand up and gently place her in the vacated alcove. With a whine I turn and walk towards the tunnel that runs to the edge of Derry.

I step outside of the sewer tunnels and head for the Barrens. Along the way I hear a group of bullies harassing their victim. As I near the kissing bridge and see three individuals beating another to a pulp. Getting tired of their abuse towards their target, the three kids throw the beaten flesh over the side of the bridge. I watch the body roll down the hill and practically land at my feet.

The beaten youth wore a hat that said 'I Love Derry.' I can feel the fear and pain poring off him making my mouth fill with drool and teeth. I can't contain my hunger anymore as I approach the boy. When I reach his side I begin tearing into his flesh. He screams in pain and starts clawing at the ground to get away. I crawl on top of his body to prevent him from moving and start shoving bits of his body into my mouth.

He looks down at his body as I keep gorging myself. I watch as his eyes land on me and his eyes widens impossibly large as his fear spikes making me even hungrier. I raise my head slightly up giving him a bloody grin. I reach into his abdomen and pull out a bit of intestines and bite into it as he watches. I watch as his eyes roll up into the back of his head and his body turns slack as he passes out.

I let out a giggle and continue on with my feasting. If I plan to spend more time with the female I will need to eat more than I normally would to keep up my strength. After eating the intestine I start eating some of the muscle on his chest and upper arms. When I reach his neck I feel my stomach starting to extend with the extra weight. Finally after devouring most of his chest, an arm, a leg and the majority of his organs I cannot eat anymore.

Grabbing the 'I Love Derry' hat I slowly stand up holding onto the sides of my overextended belly and walk back to the sewer entrance. As I'm making my way through the tunnels my mind keeps going back to the female. Questions keep coming to the forefront. Who is she? What is she? Where does she come from? Why is she here? Is she mated? If not, how does one go about the process of mating? What rituals must I abide by? Am I a suitable mate for one such as her?

The questions are becoming endless. I shake my head of such nonsense and continue down the tunnel. As I reach the door to the main chamber I see a bright light blue light peaking from the cracks. I peer inside the crack looking for possible intruders. I see the light coming from the direction where I left the female. I hurriedly throw the door open and rush to her side. What greets my vision absolutely terrifies me.

I step away in fright grasping my chest as my breathing comes in

short supply. I trip over the memorabilia falling on my back. I scramble backwards trying to get far away from that creature as possible. My body trembles as my back hits the cistern walls. Never before had I felt such fear in all my existence. I have only heard myths of such a creature, no proof that they ever existed. That was until now.

From the memories from the Turtle, what I know about this creature is minimal at best. Through the memories all I could see was a figure made of bright pale blue light, like a millions of stars clustered together. The power this creature wielded surpasses any other, and is absolute. I know that 'The 12 Guardians' wished to harness and control the being so they stole the creatures most cherished object. Without this object the being simply vanished.

The Guardians believed the creature to have faded and eventually died. Thus they divided up the dimensions among themselves and forged them into what they are today. The creature is here in my den and I fear what that means for me.

I begin to growl and snarl, drool dripping down my chin. My limbs extend ripping the flesh trying to find a form best suited for protection. In my struggle I notice that the bright light begins to flicker and then the creature lets out blood curdling screams. They are so pain filled it sends shivers down my form and my chest beings to ache. Unable to contain myself I run back over to the creature. The sight of her form leaves me breathless.

Her skin is very pale with almost a light blueish tint. There are markings on her skin that send out small pulses of light. She has small bands of metal around each wrist and ankle. Her hair is completely white. Her lips are full and the color of garnet. Her nose is small and appealing. Her ears are unique to say the least. They are elflike. Average size and the tips have extreme points to them, extending out about 3 inches from her head. Her eyes are the palest blue I've ever seen. She is beautiful without a doubt.

Her body looks to be going through a seizure. The marking on her forehead is constantly glowing brighter. Her body is burning up, steam is rising from her. I grab her body up and pull her to my chest. I begin to rock her back and forth cooing trying to get her to calm

down. I bring my forehead down to touch hers hoping it would cool her somewhat. When our skin touched my mind was sucked through a brightly colored vortex.

At the end of the vortex I am standing in the vastness of space.